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triumphed over all the surroundings of hard fortune, and had become the great commercial power of the world. All the sunny isles of the Archipelago were theirs—the trade of India was theirs. The ships of Venice were on all the seas, and its merchants were styled “Princes.” To be a Venetian was to be free, independent, and rich; it was their boast, all the world over, as it is the boast of our free people, that we are Americans.

From the period of the city's first creation by the fugitives, from the desolating power of Attila, the Hun, until its downfall before the victorious army of Napoleon Bonaparte, there were nearly fifteen hundred years. First there was poverty, terror, and constant combat with stern difficulties; next prosperity, triumph, and gorgeous splendor; then corruption, oppression, and treachery; and at last the surrender of all power into the hands of strangers and tyrants. In 1848, for a brief period, the old love of liberty blazed up, and the fire of true patriotism gave earnest of the brightest days of the past; but alas! the “Island of Sacrifice,” although each grain of its sands was steeped in the heart's warm blood of loyal men, moved not the pity of European nations, and again Radetzky, with his fierce and cruel Austrians became its master.

From Attila to Bonaparte there is a long array of glorious names, which still light up the pages of history, and can never grow dim while the love for Shakespeare, for Byron, for Schiller, for Dante, and for Tasso, has a home and hold upon the human heart; they have perpetuated the noble deeds, and graven upon the soul the impassioned romance of its people:

“Ours is a trophy, which will not decay  
With the Rialto; Shylock, and the Moor.  
And Pierre, cannot be swept or worn away—  
The keystones of the arch! though all were o'er,  
For us re-peopled were the solitary shore.”

It was very well to buy the works of deceased painters, if we wished to place them in a public gallery, and our motive was unselfish; but, when possible, let us purchase them while their authors are still alive. To prevent the evil which now existed, he suggested that the works of deceased artists should be sold at public auction by the government; and that the excess realized beyond the sum which the painters had charged during their lifetime, should go toward reducing the general taxation of the country.—*Ruskin.*

## THE WITCH'S DEED.

By Mrs. Metta V. Victor.

### I.

WHAT evil thing obscured the moon?  
A witch, deformed and black!  
The wind was shrieking a hollow tune  
With her upon his back.  
Along the lonely road  
A traveller passed slowly by;  
He heeded not the muttering sky,  
But only the horse which he bestrode,  
That would not keep the narrow track.

### II.

He thought the witch was a ragged cloud;  
He had heard the wind before;  
His heart was warm, his heart was proud  
And warm to its inmost core.  
For he was riding, that lonely night,  
The maiden to see,  
Who, the next morning, robéd white,  
His bride would be.

### III.

The witch's garments flutter far  
Before the face of every star;  
And fast and fast she drives the wind,  
While troupes of spirits trail behind.

### IV.

The girl from her casement looketh out—  
The bats are flitting the turrets about;  
She looketh, longing, into the night;  
Her cheek is red, her eye is bright.  
“O, would the cloud were gone,” she sighed,  
“I cannot see him riding fast;  
O, would the wind were still,” she cried,  
“I cannot hear him for the blast.”

### V.

She heard her maidens murmuring low—  
She turned her head and laughéd sweet;  
Their merry glance she could not meet.  
Her eyes betrayed her fond thought so.  
The golden lamps were swinging high  
In the bride's perfuméd room;  
But not a golden star in the sky  
Shone on the brave bridegroom.

### VI.

“Why leanest out so long and late?  
Thou wilt be pale to-morrow morn:  
Thou can'st not see beyond the gate!”  
She laughéd with gay scorn:  
“'Tis true, the night is dim;  
I see not him,  
But he doth gaze on me afar;  
My casement glimmers like a star;  
My eyes shall light my own brave knight  
Upon his dreary way,” she said.

### VII.

Her lovely head  
She leaned against the casement stone;  
Her waving hair around her shone;  
The smiles about her mouth lay still—  
She looketh out into the dark;  
At every sound her heart doth thrill—  
“Hark! hark!”  
She whispers to her frolic band,  
Who listen, straight, but nothing hear;  
She kisses the ring on her small left hand  
When none of them are near.

### VIII.

“We are sleepy,” they said;  
“We would not have the bridegroom late  
Who six long hours should make us wait!  
Come sweet, to bed;  
We are vexed to think of the care  
With which we thridded thy flowing hair  
With jewels, and bathed thy fragrant brow  
For the kiss it should have had ere now;  
And girdled thy waist with pearls less white,  
And tied thy tiny shoes so tight,  
And placed the gem most costly bright  
Upon thy breast, whose fluttering snow  
Doth keep it sparkling so.  
It is a shame he doth not see  
How thought of him becometh thee!  
Shall we our work of love undo?”  
“No, no!” she cried, “he's coming soon!”  
The witch's hand held fast the moon  
That could not struggle through.

### IX.

The wind it waves the bride's long hair;  
The witch she clutches it, riding there;  
She tosses it up in fierce disdain  
To see it glitter with gems in vain.  
The girl grows pale—  
Her heart doth fail;  
She knows not why, but the wind seems chill—  
It goes to her heart with an icy thrill.

### X.

The watch-dog howled with sudden dread.  
“Oh, would my lover were here!” she said.  
The witch upon the wind drew near—  
She bent close down to the maiden's ear,  
What she said, none ever knew—  
The bridemaids thought the wind but blew;  
But the bride turned a stony face  
And dropped down quiet in her place.

### XI.

They heard the clatter of horse's feet,  
That to the gate came fast;  
They cried, “Arouse thee, lady sweet,  
Thy lover cometh at last!”  
Long and long she lay in a swoon;  
Why did they call her back?  
The witch's hand held fast the moon,  
The horse had stumbled on the track;  
With eye of flame,  
Riderless and fierce he came,  
Shaking with a desperate fright;  
While the witch laughéd out on the night.